

# THE LIBERATOR.

VOL. I.]

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OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE MANKIND.

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## THE LIBERATOR

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WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

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## THE LIBERATOR.

*By the law of God, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they shall reject with indignation the wild and guilty fantasy, that man can hold property in man!*—BROUGHAM.

### PRISON ANECDOTE.

I will give the public an anecdote, showing in what manner a slaveholder can reason.

During my late incarceration in Baltimore prison, four men came to obtain a runaway slave. He was brought out of his cell to confront his master, but pretended not to know him—did not know that he had ever seen him before—could not recollect his name. Of course, the master was exceedingly irritated. 'Don't you remember,' said he, 'when I gave you, not long since, thirty-nine lashes under the apple-tree? Another time, when I gave you a sound flogging in the barn? Another time, when you was scourged for giving me the lie, by saying that the horse was in a good condition?'

'Yes,' replied the slave whose memory was thus quickened, 'I do recollect. You have beaten me cruelly without a cause; you have not given me enough to eat and drink; and I don't want to go back again. I wish you to sell me to another master—I had rather even go to Georgia, than to return home.'

'I'll let you know, you villain,' said the master, 'that my wishes, and not yours, are to be consulted. I'll learn you how to run away again.'

The other men advised him to take the black home, and cut him up in inch pieces for his impudence, obstinacy and desertion—swearing tremendously all the while. The slave was ordered back to his cell.

I had stood speechless during this singular dialogue, my blood boiling in my veins, and my limbs trembling with emotion. I now walked up to the gang, and addressing the master as calmly as possible, said—

'Sir, what right have you to that poor creature?'

He looked up in my face very innocently, and replied—

'My father left him to me.'

'Suppose,' said I, 'your father had broken into a bank, and stolen ten thousand dollars, and safely bequeathed the sum as a legacy: could you conscientiously keep the money? For myself, I had rather rob any bank to an indefinite amount, than kidnap a fellow being, or hold him in bondage: the crime would be less injurious to society, and less sinful in the sight of God.'

The man and his crew were confounded. What! to hear such sentiments in Maryland,—and in jail, too! Looking them full in the face, and getting no reply, I walked a few steps to the door. After a brief consultation, the master came up to me and said—

'Perhaps you would like to buy the slave, and give him his liberty?'

'Sir, I am a poor man; and were I ever so opulent, it would be necessary, on your part, to make out a clear title to the services of the slave, before I could conscientiously make a bargain.'

After a pause, he said—

'Well, sir, I can prove from the bible that slavery is right.'

'Ah!' replied I, 'that is a precious book—the rule of conduct. I have always supposed that its spirit was directly opposed to every thing in the shape of fraud and oppression. However, sir, I should be glad to hear your text.'

He somewhat hesitatingly muttered out—

'Ham—Noah's curse, you know?'

'O, sir, you build on a very slender foundation. Granting, even—what remains to be proved—that the Africans are the descendants of Ham, Noah's curse was a prediction of future servitude, and not an injunction to oppress. Pray, sir, is it a careful desire to fulfil the scriptures, or to make money, that induces you to hold your fellow men in bondage?'

'Why, sir,' exclaimed the slavite, with unmingled astonishment, 'do you really think that the slaves are beings like ourselves?—that is, I mean do you believe that they possess the same faculties and capacities as the whites?'

'Certainly, sir,' I responded; 'I do not know that there is any moral or intellectual quality in the curl of the hair, or the color of the skin. I cannot conceive why a black man may not as reasonably object to my color, as I to his. Sir, it is not a black face that I detest, but a black heart—and I find it very often under a white skin.'

'Well, sir,' said my querist, 'how should you like to see a black man President of the United States?'

'As to that, sir, I am a true republican, and bow to the will of the majority. If the people prefer a black President, I shall cheerfully submit; and if he be qualified for the station, may peradventure give him my vote.'

'How should you like to have a black man marry your daughter?'

'I am not married—I have no daughter. Sir, I am not familiar with your practices; but allow me to say, that slaveholders generally should be the last persons to affect fastidiousness on that point; for they seem to be enamored with amalgamation.'

Thus ended the dialogue. Here you have the notions of a Maryland slaveholder.

### SPIRIT OF VERMONT.

The editor of the 'Horn of the Green Mountains'—a spirited paper published in Manchester, Vermont—in acknowledging the receipt of our first number, uses the following energetic language on the subject of slavery:

'It is devoted to the cause of emancipation—to the exposure of that vicious traffic which revels in the price of human flesh—which darkens like a nightfall over our otherwise free institutions—which tramples under foot the first great principle of moral liberty, and exposes the revered declaration that "all men are created equal," as a mere tumbler of fictitious dignity—a mere thief-like guise to cover the emptiness and hollow-heartedness of republican justice, where it stands opposed to human power and human frailty.'

The curse of slavery is upon us. It is a foul, a deepening, a heaven-daring stain upon the land.—What avails the show of liberty when the reality is wanting?—What avails the spirit that glows in our bosoms at the bare mention of our nation's birth-day, when the clank of chains is heard beneath the very walls of our capitol?—and when oppression, rank, inordinate, cruel oppression, lords it with iron hand over some of our fairest fields and smiling valleys? This then is not a fancy sketch;—it is not the ideal working of a mind grown vapid; it is not the mere indulgence of a mawkish taste. No—it is real.—It tells of a national sin; it bespeaks a national calamity. Justice cannot always sleep in quiet on the hill-tomb of the slave. Mercy may avert for a time the doom that justice demands; but our country must be ridden from the curse of slavery, or her southern plains will one day swell and dilate with the tide of human blood.

It may be urged that New-England has nothing to do with slavery,—that the breath of oppression cannot pollute her air, or the footsteps of human ignominy contaminate her soil. But this opinion obtains only in the reckless imbecility of the human heart. It is the same feeling which prompts the slave to live on in toil and in bondage, rather than risk his life in an honorable struggle for emancipation. New-England is a part of the great federal compact; the same laws govern, the same power protects. Her influence is felt throughout the Union; and if the oppressed shall rise, and the spirit of Ruin shall sweep along in its desolating track, will her arms be folded in despair—will she stand a silent and unconcerned spectator, while the blood of southern myrmidons is reeking upon the plains, and going up a sacrifice to the avenger, to heal the wrongs of centuries? No. Whatever may befall these states—whatever judgment may await them when the spirit which now quails beneath the task-master's lash, is roused to concert and energy of action,—New-England must bear her part. In New-England, then—proud spirited, intelligent, patriotic New-England—let the torch of emancipation be lighted, to avert the doom that otherwise sooner or later awaits this now prosperous and happy republic.'

The following extract from the Diary of Judge Sewall, of this State, shows an early friend to the cause of emancipation and the rights of the blacks. It seems, however, that he was as little successful in his benevolent attempt, as are philanthropists at the present day.

1716—June 22. I essayed to prevent negroes and Indians being rated with horses and hogs, but could not prevail.

We are informed, from a credible source, that the late Judge Lowell, who was born in Newburyport, was the first individual in Massachusetts who freed a slave. This fact is peculiarly gratifying to us, being ourselves natives of the same place.

### SLAVERY IN MISSISSIPPI.

The following extract of a letter from a lady in Mississippi, (favorably known in Massachusetts, it is said, as the 'Maid of the Grove,') to her Nephew in this State, we find in the New-Bedford Weekly Register. The writer, it seems, does not find the condition of the slave so wretched as she had imagined; and she is now reconciled to the expediency of continuing slavery, (!) until emancipation can be effected by a gradual process. Whether this lady be the wife of a slaveholder, or, if single, whether she expect to wed one for a husband, that has thus altered her opinion of the slave system, we are not informed. In what state of servitude she expected to find the slaves, more terrible and heart-rending than their present, we are at a loss to conceive.—They are neither so well treated, as a body, by their masters, nor so efficiently protected by the laws, as cattle: chains are upon their bodies, and thick darkness upon their souls. But so it is. Our New-England men and women go to reside in the slave states, and there they first endure, then pity, then embrace the horrid monster, and send home palliatives in behalf of soul-buyers and soul-destroyers. The Lord, in his mercy, save the poor blacks from the dominion of Yankee task-masters!

We are not surprised to learn, that 'very many extensive slaveholders in Mississippi' are friendly to the American Colonization Society. Our wonder is, that this Society, which, in our opinion, is so well adapted to perpetuate slavery and to protect masters, should find any opposition among that class at the south.

Cadly would I complete this outline of the character of my adopted State, without recurring to a subject which must be revolting to your feelings as a man, a patriot, and a Christian. But alas, the foul blot upon the character of our State is too conspicuous for concealment; and though we share it in common with all the states south of the Potomac, our shame is not lessened. This, however, is an hereditary evil, and has been much ameliorated in its character; but, "disguise thyself, SLAVERY, as thou wilt, still thou art a bitter draught." Bitter indeed to all who are concerned in it, not less to the owner than to the slave. Yet the condition of the latter, the descendants of Africa is much less deplorable here, than I had imagined before I came to reside among them. After nearly five years' residence in a slaveholding State, and having visited many plantations, and become familiar with the details of slave management, I do not hesitate to say that I would far rather be a slave in Mississippi, than a free black in any of the Northern States. To be called a free man, and yet to feel that there is an impassable barrier between him and other free men, to possess rights in the abstract without being capable of enjoying them, appears to be a far more deplorable condition than that of absolute slavery. That there are men so brutalized that they can extort the sweat and blood of a fellow creature, without considering that nature has bestowed on him any right but the right to suffer, is undeniably true; but such instances are rare. Slavery, in general, is considered an evil which all lament; and I have never met but one person who has justified it on principle. This gentleman is one of the most kind and benevolent men I have ever met, and an uncommonly mild and gentle master. He deduces the practice of slaveholding from scriptural authority, and argues that it is right, because it was permitted to the patriarchs, and was never forbidden by the Saviour of mankind. Though as much as ever opposed to slavery in principle, I am reconciled to the expediency of continuing the practice, until emancipation can be effected by a gradual process. God speed the Colonization Society, is a wish which I am certain is heartily responded by very many extensive slave holders in Mississippi.

### OUR FREE COUNTRY!

We copy the concluding verse of a poetical effusion from the pen of Mrs. Hale, recently published in her Magazine, which is travelling through the country, and will doubtless be inserted with great complacency in our southern periodicals. How so intelligent and accomplished a lady could deal in such unfortunate glorification, and so outrageously violate truth, we cannot imagine. Do no tyrants reign in this country? Look at the South! Are there not two millions of our countrymen—ay, and countrywomen, Mrs. Hale—who are trodden under feet, and deprived of all sources of knowledge?

'My country, yes, thy sons are proud,  
True heirs of Freedom's glorious dower,  
For never here has knee been bowed,

In homage to a mortal power:  
No, never here has tyrant reigned,  
And never here has thought been chained.

Then who would follow Europe's sickly light,  
When here the soul may put forth all her might,  
And show the nations as they gaze in awe,  
That wisdom dwells with Liberty and Law!

O when will Time his holiest triumph bring—  
"Freedom o'er all the earth, and God alone reigns king."

There is something inexpressibly touching in the following lines, which, one would suppose, must thrill through every nerve even of an iron-hearted slaveholder. They are copied from the last number of the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, and were written by the young lady who so often enriches its pages with her productions.

### THE KING-FISHER.

A newspaper paragraph, of last summer, gives an account of the instance of maternal affection in a bird, which has been made the subject of the following lines:—

The king-fisher sat on her hidden nest,  
Shielding her young with a downy breast;  
She had built her home where the wave went by,  
Soothing her ear with its melody;  
And the wild bright blossoms bent to dip  
In the rushing waves their thirsty lip.

Pleasant it was while the skies were fair,  
And perfume flung on the sunny air,  
While the wind in a low sweet whisper died;  
Ere it could ruffle the flowing tide;  
And the arching skies o'er the waters threw  
The deep clear tint of their own pure-blue.

But what that is bright, on earth may last?  
Soon were the days of her sunshine past:  
On came the storm-winds muttering loud,  
Sweeping before them the thunder cloud;  
And faster, as flashed the lightning's flame,  
Dashing to earth the sky-torrents came.

Yet, with her cold wet wing unstirred,  
On her shaken nest sat the mother-bird;  
Still 'midst danger and death, she clung  
With faithful love to her lifeless young,  
Till high around her hath risen the tide,  
And with her pinion stretched o'er them she died.

Oh! if affection like this hath part  
In the warm depths of a wood-bird's heart—  
That e'en to die, is a better fate  
Than to leave her dear ones desolate;—  
What is the love of a mother's breast,  
With the seal of a deathless nature prest?

Yet there are men who will rudely tear  
The dearest chords that are cherished there;  
Wrench from its mother's frantic hold,  
Her weeping babes, to be pawn'd for gold;  
And scourge her amidst that living death  
If she dares but give her wo to breath!

Know ye the land where such deeds are done,  
In the broad light of the blessed sun?  
Where the spoiler bursts, with savage hand,  
The holy links of the household band;  
And the ties of natural love are cast,  
With a daring hand, to the idle blast?

CONSTANCE.

### SLAVES IN KENTUCKY.

The Legislature of Kentucky have before them two bills designed to afford relief, in some degree, to the slave population. One of them has been ordered to a third reading in the Senate—23 to 11. It prohibits jailors from receiving slaves into jail, unless committed by due process of law, under pain of being removed, and fined \$50—the object being to prevent slave traders from using the county jails to facilitate their operations. There may be some efficacy in this bill. The other amounts to nothing. It declares that none shall be slaves in Kentucky, except those that may be such on the 1st of June next, and their descendants, or those which may be introduced by emigrants for other purposes than those of merchandize, or who shall fall to citizens of the State by descent, devise or marriage, together with the descendants of each. Slaves belonging to travellers passing through the State are also excepted from the operation of the bill.

Until the testimony of persons of color against white criminals be admissible in our southern courts of justice, all laws enacted for their benefit will be comparatively nugatory. Without the evidence of white witnesses, they can have no redress for the most cruel treatment. Slaveholders are totally incapacitated to legislate humanely and wisely in behalf of their slaves. 'Trust not,' said the late Secretary Canning of England, in 1799, in speaking of Colonial Slavery—and an experience of thirty years has proved the truth of his words:—'trust not the masters of slaves in what concerns legislation for slavery. However specious their laws may appear, depend upon it, they must be ineffectual in their operation. It is in the nature of things that they should be so. Let then the British House of Commons do their part themselves. Let them not delegate the trust of doing it to those who cannot execute that trust fairly. Let the evil be remedied by



an assembly of freemen, by the government of a free people, and not by the masters of slaves.—*Their laws can never reach, can never cure the evil.* There is something in the nature of absolute authority, in the relation between master and slave, which makes despotism in all cases, and under all circumstances, an incompetent and unsure executor, even of its own provisions, in favor of the objects of its power.

### TO THE FREE COLORED POPULATION OF THE U. S.—NO. II.

The first object to be attained among yourselves is UNION. You do not need strength, for you are now a powerful body, numbering at least *three hundred thousand* persons, and constantly increasing. You do not lack men who are able to legislate with wisdom, and to suggest practicable measures to promote your welfare. Talents and wealth are not wanting,—but union, union, to give you character and influence. If you have any local jealousies, or party divisions, sacrifice them to the general good. With the prejudices of a nation against you, and embarrassed in your advancement by numerous legal disabilities, how can you hope to succeed in any enterprise if discord and envy divide you?

I do not, by any means, desire you to feel as a distinct body, having separate interests from the whites, and for ever cut off from the privileges and benefits of society. I wish you to love your country, and to rejoice as much in its prosperity, as lament over its wickedness. If your white countrymen have treated you with injustice, return them not evil for evil, but overcome evil with good. Show them, in all your deliberations and measures, that you are superior to revenge; that you are as zealous to promote the public as well as your own private welfare; that you demand nothing but the peaceable restitution of your rights; and that the preservation of the republic, and the freedom of your enslaved brethren by a just process, are the consummation of your wishes.

Although I inculcate in your minds feelings of national attachment, and a common interest in the welfare of the country, yet necessity demands that you should act in a separate capacity, for purposes of mutual support and protection. This separate organization, if conducted on patriotic principles, cannot be productive of harm, but will undoubtedly be serviceable alike to yourselves and to the nation.

To act efficiently on the public mind,—to understand your own deficiencies and necessities,—to be one in sentiment and concert,—you should annually hold a NATIONAL CONVENTION in one of our great cities, by delegates qualified to represent your wishes. Such a measure would necessarily attract the eyes of the people, and elevate you in public estimation. Your actual grievances could then be stated with minuteness and effect—to what extent, in the various States, you were deprived of your rights as American citizens—how far the laws failed to protect your persons and property—what provision, if any, had been made for your education—in short, whatever was auspicious or discouraging in your history from year to year could be unfolded, and measures adopted accordingly.

Every law which infringes on your rights as free native citizens, in whatever part of the country, is a gross and palpable violation of the Constitution of the United States, and of the Bill of Rights and Constitution of every State. If put to the test, as it ought to be without delay by appealing to the Supreme Court, it cannot stand. It is not in the power of any legislative body to take away from you those rights which the Constitution declares to be natural, essential and inalienable. Why, then, do you remain a proscribed and abused people? Is it not time to let your voices be heard, in a manner that must command attention, and shall not be unsuccessful? I repeat, there is no power vested in any representative or judicial body, that can legally prevent you from being entitled to all the rights and privileges of American citizens; and whenever that power is exercised, it is a stretch of tyranny that need not, and ought not to be borne. Take the Constitution of your country in your hands, go to the proper tribunal, and break those odious fetters with which you are now bound. Pour your petitions into the Legislature of each State, and ask in a respectful but firm tone to be restored to that great family of freemen, of which you are the legitimate members. If you are defeated once—twice—thrice—do not give up the cause. It is a struggle not only for your freedom, but the freedom of your children and of all their posterity.

The annual meeting of the American Colonization Society was held at Washington on the 19th ult. in the Hall of Representatives. The Report was read by the Rev. Mr. Gurley, and various resolutions offered and speeches made. We shall notice this meeting more particularly hereafter. We are decidedly opposed to Mr. Doddridge's resolution.

### THE APPEAL.

To the Editor of the Liberator.

SIR—I wish to make a few remarks on what your correspondent 'LEO,' of Philadelphia, has suggested, in regard to Mr. Walker's Pamphlet.

He says: 'We are forbidden to do evil that good may come.' I would ask this gentleman, how much good did Moses accomplish, when he carried the word of the Lord to Pharaoh? and whether he was responsible for the greater cruelties inflicted upon his brethren? Hear the command of Pharaoh: 'The Israelites are too idle—therefore give them no straw to make bricks—and require them to do the same as when they were provided with straw.'

'LEO' says: 'I do not believe that Mr. Walker wrote the pamphlet; for the matter brought forward in it is the result of more reading than could have fallen to the lot of that man.' It seems to me that this writer does not see in what manner God intends to perform his promises. I will point him to the 11th chapter of Matthew, and 25th verse: 'At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.' Sir, I have seen a man who was born blind, and God could teach him to expound the bible from Genesis to Revelation.

I should be very sorry to believe that there is a Gordon among us. Perhaps 'LEO' does not know who Gordon is. I will tell him. Let him carefully read Mr. Walker's Appeal, which I fear he has not done. He will find the following prophetic language:

'Some of my colored brethren, who are too ignorant to see an inch beyond their noses, will rise up and call me cursed—Yea, the jealous ones among us will perhaps use more abject subtlety, by affirming that this work is not worth perusing, that we are well situated, and there is no use in trying to better our condition, for we cannot. I will ask one question here:—Can our condition be any worse? Can it be more mean and abject? If there be any changes, will they not be for the better, though they may appear for the worse at first? Can they get us any lower? Where can they get us? They are afraid to treat us worse, for they well know, the day they do it they are gone. But against all accusations which may or can be preferred against me, I appeal to Heaven for my motive in writing—who knows that my object is, if possible, to awaken in the breasts of my afflicted, degraded and slumbering brethren, a spirit of inquiry and investigation respecting our miseries and wretchedness in this *Republican Land of Liberty*.'

I think it would be advisable for 'LEO' to read Walker's Pamphlet himself, and not pin his faith on his neighbor's sleeve; then he will be able to know whether he is for Gordon or for Walker.—Gordon is a colored man who purchased in Maryland about sixty slaves, and drove them in handcuffs and chains to the Mississippi, to work his new farm!

J. I. W.

### SLAVERY RECORD.

PICTURE OF AMERICAN LIBERTY. We ask the serious attention of our readers to the follow revolting advertisements, which embody the spirit of our southern periodicals. They are copied with accuracy. Ye who are parents! can ye longer apologise for slavery?

#### CASH FOR NEGROES!

AUSTIN WOOLFOLK will at all times give higher prices for slaves than any purchaser who is now or may be in the Baltimore market.

#### SLAVES WANTED!

I wish to purchase twenty slaves, assorted, for Kentucky. The highest price will be given by early application to HENRY LOWE.

#### PUBLIC SALE.

By order of the Orphans' Court of Baltimore County, will be exposed at public sale, on the 19th of July instant, the personal estate of Jacob Hutchins, deceased, consisting of household and kitchen furniture and SLAVES, among whom are two good and healthy farm hands, one woman and four children, sundry live stock, being cows, hogs, &c.

RUTH HUTCHINS, Adm'r.

#### FOR SALE.

A black girl, 17 years of age, of excellent character, strictly and morally honest, sober, industrious, and of good disposition; a very useful and handy person in a house; for a term of years. Apply at the office of the Baltimore Republican.

#### NOTICE.

I wish to purchase one or two negro men, who can be satisfactorily recommended as of good character, and who are also good hands on a farm.—Those having such to sell are requested to apply to James M. Hite, who will buy them for me.

NELLY C. BALDWIN.

#### VALUABLE NEGROES.

An excellent female servant, 34 years of age, with two children, the one four years old, and the other turned of twelve months, will be sold low, for cash. The whole will be sold together, or separately, to suit purchasers. The older child is a boy, the younger a girl. Apply at this office.

### A BARGAIN.

I will sell a handsome mulatto girl, about 16 years of age, (who is well acquainted with the concerns of both house and farm,) to any person for a foreign market. S. F. SLAUGHTER.

### WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC SALE.

On Saturday next, at my residence in East Franklin-street, opposite the Masonic Hall, the following property, viz. One negro woman and five children, four of them boys from 2 to 10 years old, and a girl 11 years. The woman is about 30 years of age, an excellent cook, washer and ironer. Also, two fresh milch cows, with a variety of household and kitchen furniture.

SUSAN R. TANNEHILL.

### REWARD!

Ran away from my kitchen, in Leesburg, last night, two mulatto women, almost white—Matilda and Maria. Matilda is small and well formed; has blue eyes, and long brown hair, in which she wears a comb. Maria is very stout; has grey eyes, high cheek bones, and black hair, with uncommonly large feet, and knots where the great toe joins the foot. It is believed they have a pass; and, unless they are particularly examined, they would be taken for white women. A liberal reward will be paid for their apprehension, or for securing them in some jail where I can get them.

WILLIAM CHILTON.

Gentlemen, here is a fine mulatto boy—sold for no fault. Will you give us a bid? Look at him—as smart a fellow as ever you saw—works like a tiger! Do give us a bid, sir—won't you? One hundred dollars are bid, gentlemen! One—hundred—dollars—120!—130!—140!—142!—seize your opportunity!—143 dollars are bid for this lad! 143 dollars—once!—twice!—are you all done?—thrice! The lad is yours, sir, a slave for life. Gentlemen, we now offer you two likely women, with their families, consisting of 5 or 6 children of various ages.

Is this a comprehensive view of the commercial transactions of Pandemonium? Is this the occupation of the inhabitants of the world of wo—and this their punishment, to prey upon each other, with the inconceivable ferocity of demons, throughout eternity? If so, sufficiently terrible is the aspect of hell. God forbid that any of us should go thither! Or are these the awful atrocities which caused the Almighty to repent that he had made man, and to drown the old world? O no! These male and female traffickers in souls are not spiritual fiends—they are not hags of wo. They are—hear, O earth! and be astonished, O heaven!—American men—American women! And Columbia is the spot whereon these practices are legalised—justified—sanctified;—the boasted land of freedom, of genuine christianity, of bibles, of tract societies, of sabbath schools, of missions!

Reader, there is no deception in these statements. Do you see the southern papers? If so, you need no further evidence; if not, get them, and peruse the numerous man-selling and man-buying advertisements which daily and weekly blacken their pages—of which those already cited are familiar specimens. Did you ever attend a slave auction, where men, women and children were put up for sale, like cattle, and examined almost in a state of nudity with indecent minuteness? We pray that you may never witness such a heart-rending spectacle. Blush for your country, and pity the poor slaves!

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. Nothing will be done this session in Congress, relative to the abolition of slavery in this District. In the House of Representatives, Jan. 25, Mr. Gorham presented a memorial of inhabitants of the city of Boston, and its vicinity, in Massachusetts, praying that measures may be adopted for the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia; to prohibit the introduction of slaves into said District, for the purposes of traffic; and that provision be made for the education of free people of color; which was referred to the committee on the District of Columbia.

### LOOK AT THIS!!!

The following tyrannical section of the Act of June 22, 1786, is still in force in Massachusetts!!!

SEC. 7. And be it further enacted, That no person by this Act authorised to marry, shall join in marriage any white person with any Negro, Indian or Mulatto, on penalty of the sum of Fifty Pounds, two third parts thereof to the use of the county wherein such shall be committed, and the residue to the prosecutor, to be recovered by the Treasurer of the same county, in manner as aforesaid; and all such marriages shall be absolutely null and void.

American Colonization Society.—A friend of the American Colonization Society, in Lexington, in moderate circumstances, has pledged himself to pay \$500 to the Treasurer of the Society; to be paid in ten years, in regular annual instalments of \$50 each; and he proposes to unite with ninety-nine other friends of the Society, in different parts of the United States, who are willing to pledge the same amount, in order to raise the sum of \$50,000, to aid the Board of Managers in their benevolent (!) enterprise of African Colonization. In pursuance of this plan, he has sent on to the Treasurer \$50 for this year.

Western Luminary.

### JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

For the Liberator.

### THE FAMILY CIRCLE.—NO. III.

THE ECLIPSE.

In the evening, after playing eclipse again, as Helen called it, George asked his mother if they might have one of the lamps for a sun, that he might shew Lucy why there is not an eclipse of the sun once in every revolution of the moon.

'Now,' said he, 'if we only had two things that were any thing like globe-shaped, for a moon and earth—what can we think of?'

His mother gave him a large ball of yarn, and a skein which he and Lucy wound into a smaller ball.

'Any two small things would have done,' said George, 'but the balls are better. Now, Lucy, hold this great ball, which represents the earth, a little way from the lamp, and in a line with the blaze, which is our sun. I will move the little ball or moon round the great one;—but I must fix a string to hold it by, because my fingers come in the way. Now look while I move it round so, just even with the blaze, it comes once between the great ball and the blaze every time it goes round.'

'Lucy,' said her mother, 'you may put out this other lamp, then we shall see better the shadow which the little ball makes upon the great ball.'

'I see,' said Lucy, 'when the little ball comes between the great ball and the blaze, it makes a shadow on the great one.'

'Yes,' said George, 'that is, the sun or lamp cannot now shine upon this part of our little earth; and if there were any little inhabitants upon it, here in this part where the shadow is, they would not be able to see the blaze.'

'No,' said Lucy, 'they could not, because the little ball is right in the way. And it must come so every time you move it round.'

'Yes,' said George, 'if I carry it round just even with the blaze. But suppose when it is on this side next the blaze, it is a little higher than the blaze—so.'

'Now,' said Lucy, 'it is no longer exactly between the blaze and the great ball, and the lamp shines under it upon the great ball.'

'Or so,' said George, 'a little lower than the blaze.'

'Now,' said Lucy, 'the lamp shines over the little ball, upon the great one.'

'Just so,' said George, 'the moon in going round the earth passes sometimes a little above and sometimes a little below the sun, or, it is more proper to say, sometimes a little to the north and sometimes a little to the south of the sun, and then there is no eclipse; and sometimes it passes exactly between the earth and sun, and then there is an eclipse. But observe, it always moves even round the middle of the earth—in this way—so that, if it is higher on one side, it is lower on the other.'

Our readers will not, we believe, find any difficulty in understanding this explanation if they will go through the experiment of the balls. Perhaps it will not appear very plain if they merely read it without doing it, and the same may be said of all the other explanations.

'Is an eclipse of the moon,' said Helen, 'when something comes between us and the moon, and prevents the moon from shining upon us?'

'No,' said George, 'an eclipse of the moon is different. You must know, in the first place, that the moon does not shine of itself, as the sun does, but it is the sun shining upon the moon that makes it bright, and then the moon shines upon us; as you may have seen brass buttons shine upon the wall, when the sun shone upon them. Now I will shew you with the balls how the moon is eclipsed. Look while I move the little ball round the great ball. When it gets on this side the great ball farthest from the lamp, the lamp can no longer shine upon it.'

'Because,' said Lucy, 'the great ball is between it and the lamp.'

'This little ball, or moon, is now eclipsed,' said George; 'the sun, or lamp, cannot shine upon it, therefore it is no longer bright.'

'I think,' said Lucy, 'I understand. When the earth gets between the sun and moon, and prevents the sun from shining upon the moon, the moon is eclipsed, and looks dark to us, because it is only the sun's shining on it that makes it bright.'

'In other words,' said their father, 'the moon is eclipsed when it gets into the earth's shadow.'

'Father,' said Helen, 'did you ever see an eclipse?'

'Yes, my dear,' said her father, 'I have seen several, both of the sun and the moon. The most remarkable, I ever saw, was a total eclipse of the sun in the summer of 1806. When the whole of the sun was hid from us by the moon, it is a total eclipse; when only a part is hid, it is a partial eclipse.'

'But,' said Lucy, 'if the moon is not large enough to hide the whole of the sun from us now, how could it have hid the whole then, so as to make a total eclipse?'

'Not because it was any larger than it is now,' said her father; 'but George shall explain it if he can.'

'I believe,' said George, 'the moon is sometimes nearer to us than at other times; and you know,



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Lucy, you saw by the two plates, that the same thing, according as it is nearer to us, or farther from us, will hide the whole, or only a part of another object."

"Now will you tell us something about the total eclipse, father?" said Lucy.

"It was a very bright clear day," said her father, "therefore the whole progress of the eclipse was seen to the greatest advantage. The sun was gradually covered up, exactly as you will see it at the coming eclipse. It was so gradual, that the diminution of light was scarcely perceptible till the very last speck of sun had disappeared, and then the darkness was as instantaneous as that produced by dropping an extinguisher over a lamp, to which I heard it compared. You are not to suppose, however, that we were left in total darkness; it was about as light as bright moonlight, but the light did not seem like that of moonlight, or like twilight, but altogether different from any thing I had ever seen. The moon appeared like a dark spot in the sky, and was surrounded by a broad ring of pale white light. Several stars were to be seen, but we had hardly had time to take a full survey of the heavens, and ascertain how many were visible, when they vanished before the returning light of the sun, which burst upon us as suddenly as the darkness had, coming like a flash of lightning, almost, and dazzling the eyes."

"How strange it must have seemed," said Lucy, "to see the stars in the middle of the day!"

"Shall we see any stars at this eclipse, do you think?" said George.

"I think it very likely one or two of the brightest may be visible, for I remember seeing several before the total disappearance of the sun. As the eclipse came on, a chilliness was felt like that of night, and in many respects it seemed like night. Those kinds of plants closed their flowers and leaves, which do so at night. The animals at first seemed uneasy at the coming of night so soon; and then some went to their places of rest, the fowls to roost, and the little birds to their nests, but some continued frightened."

"How long did the greatest darkness last?" asked George.

"About four minutes."

"The poor frightened animals had but a short night then," said Lucy. "Did they seem glad to wake up again?"

"Yes," said her father, "when the light returned, they came out from their sleeping places; the cocks began to crow, the birds to sing, and all the delightful sounds of morning were again heard."

"Do you think, father, the animals will do so now?" said Helen.

"I cannot tell," said her father. "I think the change in the feeling of the air, at this season, will hardly be sufficient for them to perceive it, nor the darkness great enough for them to notice it; but if I were in the country, I should wish to observe all the animals I could."

"We will watch Pussey and Rover," said Helen, "to see if they seem frightened."

"I will read you a few passages which I think will entertain you," said their father, "from an account of the eclipse which was published in Boston soon after it."

"In this vicinity, and probably throughout New-England, this interesting phenomenon was observed under very favorable circumstances. The day was remarkably fine. Not a cloud obscured any portion of the hemisphere. The air was dry and clear, and the heavens, before the obscuration, were in a robe of brightest azure. There was a sensible chilliness in the air, and some of the company found an outside garment very comfortable. A little before the total obscuration, a deep dark shade, resembling an approaching thunder storm, was observed at the westward. As the eclipse went off, a similar appearance was noticed on the eastern side of the horizon. The departing light of the sun was supportable to the naked eye. It was otherwise with the first returning light, which was extremely vivid, and inexpressibly rapid in its access. The portion of the sun which first re-appeared, was, to the naked eye, of a globular form, and seemed like a ball of fire. The darkness was not so great as was expected. It was found necessary, however, to make use of a lantern to ascertain the time, precisely, by our watch. The exhibition was wonderfully magnificent and sublime, and inspired one universal sentiment of admiration and awe, which we shall not attempt to describe. We seemed to be in the more immediate presence of Deity while this interesting spectacle was exhibiting in his august temple. The morning was ushered in with the usual hum of business, which gradually diminished as the darkness advanced. One universal silence at length prevailed. A fresh breeze which had prevailed, now subsided, and all was calm; the birds retired to rest, the rolling chariot and the rumbling car were no more heard; the axe and the hammer were suspended. Returning light reanimated the face of things. We seemed as in the dawn of creation when God said, 'Let there be light, and there was light,' and an involuntary cheer of gratulation burst from the spectators, especially the youthful groups in the streets and on the surrounding hills. The cows on the common, we are told, discovered sensible marks of agitation—some of them left the ground and proceeded homeward, the rest gathered round a person who was crossing the common at the time, and followed him with apparent anxiety, as if soliciting protection. We have heard, from several persons, a remark of a singular appearance in the shade of trees. The figures of numerous little crescents were observed in many places. They were called by some the shadows of the leaves.

This seems to be incorrect. They appeared as lucid (bright) spots of a faint white light, and their direction and figure varied with the different phases (appearances) of the eclipse."—*Monthly Anthology for June, 1806.*

"These bright spots of the shape of crescents, or like a new moon, among the shadows of the leaves, I remember very well," said their father, when he had done reading, "and it was very curious. I remember we could watch the progress of the eclipse as accurately by these shapes, as by looking at the sun itself."

"What a pity," said George, "that there are no leaves on the trees now, for us to see these spots."

"Round spots of light," said his father, "may always be seen in summer among the shadows of the leaves. I can tell you of a little experiment you can make, which pleased me when I was a boy. Take a piece of paper and cut a number of small holes in it, of various shapes and sizes, triangles, squares, stars, ovals, and any other regular or irregular shapes. If the sun shines to-morrow, hold this paper up to the window, and let the sun shine through the holes, on the carpet, or on something white, held a yard or two from the window, and you will see a multitude of bright circles, formed by the sun, shining through the holes. Keep the same piece of paper for the eclipse, and you may then see an exact representation of the shape of the bright part of the sun, formed in the same way. As it becomes more and more covered, the change will be shown by the shape of the bright spots, till, instead of circles, we shall see a number of little crescents."

"How pretty, and how curious," said Lucy. "I should think the spots would be of the same shape as the holes. Do, father, explain it to us."

"I do not think I could make you understand it," said her father, "for you have not the necessary previous knowledge; but, perhaps, George could puzzle it out, with the help of some book upon Optics."

"I do not remember," said George, "ever seeing such bright circles among the shadows of the trees."

"You may not have noticed the appearance," said his mother, "or thought what it was, but when you see it again, you will remember it as perfectly familiar."

"I have seen such circles," said Lucy, "in the shadow of mother's laurestinus, and we will set the laurestinus in the sun on the day of the eclipse."

"Let us cut some papers to-night," said Helen.

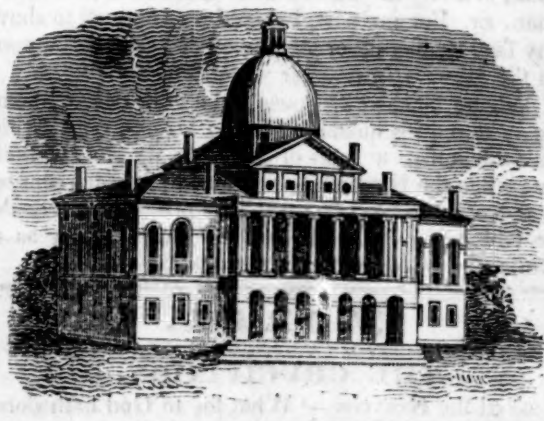
"And don't let us forget to have our smoked glass ready for the eclipse," said Lucy.

"I wonder, father," said Helen, "if the poor little black children, you told me about, will have any body to tell them about the eclipse?"

"No," said George, "I am afraid no body would think it worth while to explain such things to a little slave."

"Well," said Lucy, "they can have the pleasure of seeing the eclipse, as well as we, that is one comfort; but it is much pleasanter to understand about it, as I know by the little I have learnt to night, but I want to know a great deal more about the motions of the earth and the moon."

U. I. E.



BOSTON,

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1831.

## PUBLIC OPINION.

An adjourned meeting, relative to the abolishment of imprisonment for debt, was held in the Old Cradle of Liberty on Thursday evening. His Honor the Mayor in the chair. The number of persons assembled was very large. The Rev. Mr. Pierpont spoke nearly two hours with great animation and power, showing that the present system of imprisonment was an anomaly in Mohammedan and Pagan countries, the creature of a legal fiction, ineffectual in purpose, cruel in operation, unchristian in principle, and clearly unconstitutional. "If I were asked," he said, "where life is held the cheapest on earth, I would reply, under the dominion of the Turkish Divan; but if the question were propounded, where liberty is held the cheapest, upon my conscience and in the presence of my Judge I must say, in Boston!" He concluded by predicting that the time was at hand, when there would not be left one stone of the Poor Debtor's Prison upon another. His remarks elicited immense applause. Mr. Pierpont was followed by Mr. Samuel Ellis, in an appropriate style, and on his motion, the meeting was adjourned to next Monday evening, on which occasion we presume Faneuil Hall will be crowded.

## WORKING CLASSES.

We have neither time nor room, to-day, to conclude our remarks upon this interesting subject. It cannot be supposed that we, who perform every day but the Sabbath fourteen hours of manual labor on our paper, independent of mental toil; it cannot be supposed that we are inimical to the prosperity or improvement of the working fraternity. Our highly respected correspondent 'W.' entirely misapprehends our views. We have never affirmed or hinted, that perverted opulence was as meritorious or productive as industrious poverty. Whatever is vicious tends to impoverish and oppress society; and the heaviest yoke upon the necks of men is the improvidence of vice. But we must defer our strictures to another paper. "Those who attempt to level," said the observant Burke, "never equalize. In all societies consisting of various descriptions of citizens, some description must be uppermost. The levellers, therefore, only change and pervert the natural order of things: they load the edifice of society, by setting up in the air what the solidity of the structure requires on the ground."

To the Editor of the Liberator.

MY DEAR SIR—In the remarks you did me the honor to make on my communication of last week, I perceived you did not admit the existence of any inequalities in the condition of the laboring or working classes of our fellow citizens, but such as are ascribable to their own improvidence, or to other causes beyond the control of philanthropy.

You say that "in a republican government, especially, where hereditary distinctions are obsolete, and the people possess unlimited power; where the avenues to wealth, distinction and supremacy are open to all; it [society] must, in the nature of things, be full of inequalities."

Can this be so? Is there an especial tendency in free governments to promote inequality in the condition of the citizens? You furthermore remark, there is no evidence to be found that "our wealthy citizens, as a body, are hostile to the interests of the laboring classes"—and repeat the assertion lately culminated from a religious source, that "in the luxuries of their tables and the adornments of their dwellings, they must pay in proportion to their extravagance." Although I do not object to the first remark, under the qualification you have given to it, I think the last exceedingly dangerous and delusive. You will not dispute the evil tendency of luxury; your familiarity with the history of mankind must have acquainted you with its incompatibility with good morals, piety, industry, and all other virtues, essential to the prosperity of nations. You must therefore concede, that those who indulge in it are in no sense more deserving than the working classes who live frugally and in republican simplicity. But do we see the latter enjoying the advantages of the former? Where do you find the men whose toil and labor have produced all the magnificence and grandeur which adorn our capital? Living in the poorest hovels, or meanest dwellings—subsisting on the humblest fare—working in all weather, exposed to every evil—and enjoying but little leisure or opportunity for the cultivation of heart or intellect. Would this be so, if they were equitably paid for their labor? Is it not obvious that the prices of mechanical and agricultural labor are altogether too low, when an idle libertine, who produces nothing, can command the proceeds of the labor of all around him, and live at a cost which would support a hundred industrious working citizens and their useful families? I am persuaded that a moment's reflection on this subject must satisfy you, that labor is altogether inadequately compensated. The very existence of such accumulations is proof of it.

W.

Our correspondent 'U. I. E.' exonerates himself from the charge of writing us an instructive paragraph while at Baltimore, which we copied into our fourth number. Our supposition was founded upon a remarkable similarity of hand-writing. He will accept our thanks for his very excellent communications for the Liberator; and we entreat him to occupy our Juvenile Department as often as possible—or any other part of our paper.

The poetical effusions of our young friends C. R. W. and J. W. W. are not sufficiently correct for the public eye, but give promise of genius.

Our correspondent 'J.' must not forget us. He does not need a panegyric to learn our estimation of his productions.

## INDIAN RIGHTS.

We sincerely sympathize with the deceived Indians of the Creek Nation; and we have not the smallest doubt—nay, we are perfectly convinced—that ALMIGHTY WISDOM AND JUSTICE, will shortly scourge this country by sword, pestilence or famine, or some other awful judgment for our criminal and inhuman conduct towards the Indian and the African, and our other multiplied crimes and corruptions as a nation. He who does not believe this, is as ignorant of the past, the present and the future, as that ancient and besotted people were, to whom an illustrious teacher said—*Ye know not, or perceive not, the signs of the times.*—*National Observer.*

The bill to abolish imprisonment for debt, in Maryland, has passed the House of Delegates.

## IMPORTANT FROM EUROPE.

London papers to Dec. 19th, inclusive, have been received at New-York, bringing the highly important intelligence of a Revolution in Poland, and the flight of the Grand Duke Constantine to Russia! The revolt appears to have been led on, like that of Paris, by the lads of the military school. Forty-one Colonels or Majors were killed in endeavoring to keep the troops in obedience. It is added that two Aide-de-Camps of the Grand Duke were also slain.

It is stated that a new revolution has commenced in Prussia.

Pope Pius VIII. died in November, of goat in the stomach.

Mr O'Connell was busy in bringing forward the subject of dissolving the Legislative Union of Ireland with England and Scotland.

London.—There is a report in the City, which has obtained some credit, to the effect that a great battle had taken place between the Poles and the Russians in the neighbourhood of Warsaw. Ten thousand men are said to have perished, and the Poles are supposed to have been victorious. The Emperor Nicholas, it is added, is about to take command of the army in person.—*Dec. 17.*

France.—Benjamin Constant is dead. His funeral was attended with every demonstration of public respect. Eighty thousand National Guards, in uniform, were in the procession. It created a sensation in Paris similar to that produced at the death of Mirabeau. He was buried in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise.

The following character is given him by one of the papers.—"His whole life has been a perpetual struggle against aristocracy and all the oppressive powers; as public writer, Tribune Deputy, he has waged war thirty years against despotism in all shapes, and to him, more than any other, belongs the credit of extinguishing it. He has died shrouded by his own glory."

Upwards of 200,000 persons filled the line of procession from the Rue d'Anjou-Saint-Honore to the Protestant Church in the Rue Saint Antoine.

We noticed in the papers of yesterday morning the sudden death of a respectable female, who, as we are informed, was the wife of a respectable citizen recently incarcerated for a small debt which he was utterly unable to discharge. It is said that the wife called on the creditor, and pleaded in the most piteous terms for the release of her husband, and that finding him unmoved by her entreaties, in a paroxysm of despair she took a dose of laudanum and shortly expired. This is a beautiful illustration of the beneficial effects of the poor debtor laws as they are at present enforced in this Commonwealth.

Boston Commentator.

A Bill to NULLIFY the power of the Supreme Court of the U. S. by repealing the twenty-fifth section of the Bill to establish the Judicial Courts, has been brought into the Congressional House of Representatives.

Bills are before the Legislature of North Carolina, to loan \$25,000 to the State University, and to raise a fund for the removal of free blacks by a tax of 8 cents on each negro. The House of Commons has passed resolutions denying the power of Congress to construct internal improvements, but protesting by an overwhelming majority against the doctrine that a state has a right to nullify the laws of a nation. The Senate has voted, 36 to 21, to request the general government to assist in a work of internal improvement—the reopening of Roanoke Inlet.

Alabama.—The entire population of this State is 309,502—of which 190,825 are free white persons, and 117,408 slaves. The population in 1820 was 127,901. Increase 181,601.

Louisiana.—The total amount of the population is ascertained to be 214,693. In 1820, 153,407. Increase 61,286. The slave population is not given. In 1820, it was 125,781.

New Jersey.—The whole population is 317,779 souls. The population in 1820, was—227,579, exhibiting an increase of 40,203, in ten years.

A rumor is afloat that the blacks of Martinique and Guadeloupe have revolted, and got possession of the islands.

The Senate of the U. S. has passed a bill appropriating \$12,000 to pay witnesses in the case of Judge Peck.

## BENNINGTON SEMINARY.

THIS Institution will furnish instruction in the various branches of a literary, scientific and polite education. There is a boarding-house connected with the school, under the superintendence of Mr CHARLES HICKS, intended for the accommodation of scholars from abroad. The government of this department of the school is strictly parental, and the pupils are constantly under the care of their teachers, who board with them and regulate their amusements and recreations, as well as their studies out of school. Particular attention will be paid to the formation of correct habits and elegant manners, and to the cultivation of a happy disposition. The whole expense in this department, including tuition, board, washing and mending, fuel and light, is one hundred dollars per annum. Payments to be made semi-annually in advance.

There is also a department for the special instruction of School-Teachers. Two courses of lectures will be given annually on the best methods of teaching and governing a school. The Teachers' class for the present term will open on the last Wednesday in February, and continue twelve weeks. Additional charge for the Lectures, \$3.

JAMES BALLARD, Principal.  
Bennington, Dec. 13, 1830.



## LITERARY.

For the Liberator.

## PRISON SONNET.

Prisoner! within these narrow walls close pent,—  
 Guiltless of horrid crime or trivial wrong,—  
 Bear nobly up against thy punishment,  
 And in thy innocence be tall and strong!  
 Perchance thy fault was love to all mankind;  
 Thou didst oppose some vile, oppressive law;  
 Or strive all human fetters to unbind;  
 Or wouldst not bear the implements of war:—  
 What then? Dost thou so soon repent the deed?  
 A martyr's crown is richer than a king's!  
 Think it an honor with thy Lord to bleed,  
 And glory 'midst th' intensest sufferings!  
 Though beat—imprisoned—put to open shame—  
 Time shall embalm and magnify thy name.

G—n.

## CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS ANN MARIA WELLS.

Gray morning o'er the mountain peers—  
 To heaven the stars are gliding back,  
 Ere yet the 'prying eye of day'  
 Shall mark their noiseless track.  
 There's not a sound in doors or out:  
 The very birds are yet asleep;  
 The field-flowers open silently;  
 The breeze just whispers and goes by;  
 And mountain-buds that steep  
 Their perfume in the dews of night,  
 Lie coldly in the lingering light.

A shout! The spell is broken up—  
 The cottage echoes with the sound—  
 The voice of glad surprise and mirth,—  
 'T is heard by all around:—  
 The frolic voice of childhood free!  
 My own delighted laughing boy!  
 Just waking with the new-born day,  
 The voice of rapture must have way,  
 His heart is full with joy;  
 And on his lone couch as he lies,  
 He sings to tell his ecstasies!

He sings aloud—a medley mass  
 Of nursery rhyme, and infant lore,—  
 No matter what the glorious theme,  
 He sings it o'er and o'er:—  
 He reck not, he, of such as may  
 These clamorous sounds annoy,  
 Who, half awakened, catch the strain  
 And, murmuring, turn to rest again;  
 He thinks of nought but joy;  
 Of grief and pain, his heart is free:  
 And earth and sky are fair to see!

Who would not be a little child,  
 Ere yet the shade of earthly care  
 Hath fallen upon his happy heart,  
 And chased the sunshine there?  
 With wisdom's light, with fancy's fire,  
 Hereafter let thy bosom glow;  
 But holy childhood's blessed smile,  
 Oh, let it linger yet a while  
 Upon thy cherub brow!  
 Shout on, my boy! yet undefiled,  
 Pour out thy happy heart my child!

*Influence of America upon Europe.*—Every change in America has occasioned a correspondent change in Europe: the discovery of it overturned the systems of the ancients, and gave a new face to adventure and to knowledge; the opening of its mines produced a revolution in property; and the independence of the United States overturned the monarchy of France, and set fire to a train which has not yet fully exploded. In every thing, its progress is interwoven with the fate of Europe. At every expansion of American influence, the older countries are destined to undergo new changes, and to receive a second character, from the colonies which they have planted, whose greatness is on so much larger a scale than that of the parent countries, and which will exhibit those improvements which exist in miniature in Europe, unfettered by ancient prejudices, and dilated over another continent.

Honesty treats with the world upon such vast disadvantage, that a pen is often as useful to defend you as a sword, by making writing the witness of your contracts; for where the profit appears it doth commonly cancel the bands of friendship, religion, and the memory of any thing that can produce no other register than what is verbal.—*Osborn.*

Women of strong tempers always govern their husbands; women of strong minds influence them.—The key to the government of all men is their passions; and after these—but this is showing up the mystery of the craft. Plague on't that rogues can't be true to themselves.—*Lady Morgan.*

Power and opulence are the darling objects of every nation; and yet in every nation possessed of opulence, virtue subsides, selfishness prevails, and sensuality becomes the ruling passion.

Lord Kames.

In Italy, a lover places two fingers on his mouth, which signifies to a lady you are very handsome, and I wish to speak to you. If she touches her cheek with her fan, and lets it gently drop, that signifies I consent; but if she turns her head, it is a denial. At a ball, in Paris, to take a lady out to dance with her, is only indifference, to place yourself near her is interest, but to follow her with your eyes in the dance, is love.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## MULTUM IN PARVO.

Esculapius invented the probe. By means of ether, water can be made to freeze in summer. Augustus Cesar established landing houses. Basins were formerly used instead of mirrors. Bladders were used by the Romans to preserve their hair during the night. Chemical names of metals were first given to heavenly bodies. There has been an instance of an elephant that walked on a rope. (See Suetonius.) Fuller's earth was used by the ancients for washing. The streets of Rome have no lights but those placed before the images of saints. Mahomet IV. was very fond of Ranunculus. The Duke of Matrua is said to have had in his possession a powder which would convert water instantaneously into ice, even in summer. The Greeks and Romans kept servants whose duty it was to announce certain periods of the day. Ancient watchmen carried bells. Watchmen among the Chinese are placed upon towers. At Petersburg they announce the hour by beating on a suspended plate of iron. Porus, an Indian king, sent to Augustus a man without arms, who with his feet could bend a bow and discharge an arrow. Printers originally endeavored to make the books they printed resemble manuscripts. Puppets were employed formerly to work miracles. Chinese puppets were put in motion by means of quicksilver. The Roman ladies dyed their hair with plants brought from Germany. Saltpetre is used by the Italians for cooling wine. Thomas Schweicker wrote and made pens with his feet. Soap was invented by the Gauls, and used by the Roman ladies as pomatum. Boiled water is said on good authority to freeze sooner than unboiled. Wildman taught bees to obey his orders. The Greek and Roman physicians prepare their own medicines. Gustavus Brickson, king of Sweden, when he died, had no other physicians with him than his barber, master Jacob, an apothecary, master Lucas, and his Confessor, magister Johannes. King Charles II. invited to England, Brower, a Fleming, to improve the art of dying scarlet. Buck wheat was not known to the ancients, and was brought from the north of Asia to Europe about the beginning of the sixteenth century; it sows itself in Siberia for four or five years, by the seed that drops. Butter was known to the Scythians; it was called by Hippocrates *pikrion*—eaten by the Thracians at the wedding entertainment of Spheerates;—used by the Loustians instead of oil. Pliny ascribes its invention to the Germans. Carthaginians had the first paved streets. Chimneys are not to be traced at Herculaneum. Dogs in Kamschatka have socks on their feet, to preserve them from the snow. Fowls are said to thrive near smoke. Honey was used by the ancients for preserving natural curiosities. Smoke jacks are of high antiquity. Horses in Japan have their abodes made of straw. The transformation of insects was little known to the ancients. Justin emperor of the west, was so ignorant that he could not write without his secretary guiding his hand. The streets of London were not paved in the eleventh century. Quarantine was first established by the Venetians. The ancients wrote with reeds. Roller sent the cochineal plant, with live insects on it, to Linnaeus at Upsal. The first mention of horse-shoes is in the works of the emperor Leo. The first account of stirrups is to be found in a book written by the emperor Mauritius on the art of war. Emperors and kings formerly held the stirrups when priests mounted their horses. The windows of the ancients had no glass. The use of quills is said to be as old as the fifth century. Reeds continued long in use after quills began to be employed; quills were so scarce at Venice in 1223, that it was with great difficulty men of letters could procure them. Jacob Ehermi was beheaded in the Dutchy of Wurtemberg for adulterating wine. In the reign of Henry VIII there did not grow in England any vegetable or eatable root, such as carrots, parsnips, cabbage, &c. Turkeys, fowls, &c. were introduced there about the year 1524. The currant shrub was brought from the island of Zante, A. D. 1553. Pocket watches were brought there from Germany, A. D. 1577. About the year 1580, coaches were introduced. A saw mill was erected near London in 1633, but afterwards demolished, that it might not deprive the laboring poor of employment. Tea was introduced into England, in 1666, and soon became a fashionable drink: it sold then for 60s per lb. It was boiled in a large iron pot until it was tender, and was then sauced with butter, and served up in a large deep dish.

## A SCENE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Do you see that man, pale and thin, of a middle height, his head bent over a book which the copyists of the Torbonne sent to Florence to obtain a higher price than at Paris? He is standing at the door of the library, and, unable to purchase the book he holds, (for he is very poor) he devours it with his eyes, to carry it afterwards fresh and living in his memory. The busy crowd circles round him. The Florentine nobleman raises their mantles gracefully, young ladies and high born dames upon horses, followed by valets and noble pages, who carry their colored missals with gold clasps, a whole ceremony and its long files of spectators pass the street with voices, the windows, the balconies, the streets, are full of people, the bells shake the air with their long peals. That man, still standing, reads as moveless as a stone. His black hair, aquiline nose, high and somewhat wrinkled forehead, his grave and mystic physiognomy, impressed with a poetical exultation, commanded attention and respect. The crowd keeps at a distance in order not to touch him. More than one young girl makes the sign of the cross when she perceives him, and throws pious looks on the Madonna carved in the stone over the door.

'Do not disturb that man,' said one of them.  
 'Why, Laura?'  
 'He descends into hell, and takes every one there whom he does not like.'  
 'What! is it he?' she answered, and walked rapidly away.

He raised his head, smiled, and resumed his book. Just then a bishop passed upon his richly caparisoned mule. He paused, and bending his head, said—  
 'Read, Bianco, read, until thou findest thyself at the stake.'

The man heard him, perhaps, but did not look up. He continued to read, motionless and undisturbed. Night came, he placed the book upon the stall, and went away.—He had been there since sunrise!

Some days after, as he passed by the library, the merchant ran out precipitately, and told him he had been exiled from Florence, in a secret sitting, held that night at the Convent of Santo Petre.

'It is well,' he said. A crowd gathered around him.

'You are condemned to the stake.'

'Without a hearing?—I foresaw it.'

'They are going to set your house on fire—save yourself; they seek to arrest you—to kill you.'

'I will remain.'

'Fly, in the name of your children.'

'I will leave them my name for their heritage.'

'In the name of my child, whom you render immortal on earth as she is in the heavens,' said a venerable man with a white beard, 'in the name of Beatrice.'

The man bowed, and directed his way to one of the gates of Florence.

The old man accompanied him. 'How will you revenge yourself for so many insults—so much cruelty? How will you pursue your enemies?'

He did not reply, but showed the old man a piece of parchment, upon which were written these words:—  
*Divina Commedia Inferno.*

He went alone and on foot.

It was DANTE.

## A NEW-YORK NEGRO AND A KENTUCKIAN.

Not long since, a gentleman from Kentucky was standing at the door of one of our hotels whence he was about starting for the steamboat. Wishing for some one to carry his baggage, and seeing a spruce looking negro passing along the street, he called out to him—'Here, you nig, take my trunk and carry it down to the steamboat.'

The negro stopped, and raising his quizzing glass to his eye, stared at the Kentuckian with a mixture of indignation and astonishment. Having scanned him sufficiently with his glass, he gave his hat an independent twist to one side, pulled up his dickey about his ears, drew himself up to his fullest height, and thus replied,—  
 'Did you 'dress that language to me, sir?'

'Yes, you black rascal; I want you to take my trunk to the boat.'

'Indeed! I guess you come from the slave holdin states, didn't you, if I may take the liberty to ax?'

'Ay, you black dog—and what if I did? You take too much liberty, I can tell you.'

'Why, I was sure you must have come from the slave states, otherwise you wouldn't treat a gentleman in this *supersilly* manner, just because his skin is 'n't of the same color as your own.'

'Shut up your thick lips, or I'll stick my fist down your throat.'

'We don't have any gag laws in this state.'

'Well, you ought to have, to stop the mouths of such saucy black rascals as you are. I wish I had you in Kentucky once.'

'I spose you'd gouge me then. But, thank heaven, I'm not in Kentucky, and not a slave, neither. And what's more, I undertake to tell you *Mr-impotence*, that there's no *gouging*, no *gagging* in this free state, and one man is as much *inspected* as another, if he behaves as well, although he is a black man, or a Nig as you call him. Behaviour makes the man, sir. For my part, I should be ashamed to show my face among other gentlemen, if I 'dressed a man in the *supersilly* manner you did me.'

Having finished his speech, the dark colored beau again raised his quizzing glass to his eye, and giving his antagonist a look of ineffable disdain, walked on; while the Kentuckian almost doubting his senses, wondered what sort of republican principle that could be which gives a black man as much liberty as a white one.—*New-York Constellation.*

## MORAL.

## THE CRUCIFIXION.

I asked the Heavens—'What foe to God hath done  
 This unexampled deed?'—The Heavens exclaimed,  
 'T was man!—and we in horror snatched the sun,  
 From such a spectacle of guilt and shame.'

I asked the Sea.—The Sea in fury boiled,  
 And answered with his voice of storms—'T was  
 man!

My waves in panic at his crime recoiled,  
 Disclosed the abyss, and from the centre ran.'

I asked the Earth.—The Earth replied *aghast*,  
 'T was man! and such strange pangs my bosom  
 rent,

That still I groan and shudder at the past.'  
 To man, gay, smiling, thoughtless man, I went,  
 And asked him next. He turned a scornful eye,  
 Shook his proud head, and deigned me no reply.

MONTGOMERY.

## ON PRAYER.

If there be any duty which our Lord Jesus Christ seems to have considered as more indispensably necessary towards the formation of a true Christian, it is that of prayer. He has taken every opportunity of impressing on our minds the absolute need in which we stand of the divine assistance, both to persist in the paths of righteousness, and to fly from the allurements of a fascinating, but dangerous life; and he has directed us to the only means of obtaining that assistance in constant and habitual appeals to the throne of grace.—Prayer is certainly the foundation-stone of the superstructure of a religious life, for a man can neither arrive at true piety, nor persevere in its ways when attained, unless with sincere and

continued fervency, and with most unaffected anxiety, he implore Almighty God to grant him his perpetual grace, to guard and restrain him from all those derelictions of heart, to which we are, by nature, but too prone. I should think it an insult to the understanding of a Christian to dwell on the necessity of prayer, and, before we can harangue an infidel on its efficacy, we must convince him, not only that the being to whom we address ourselves really exists, but that he condescends to hear, and to answer our humble supplications.

There is such an exalted delight to a regenerate being in the act of prayer, and he anticipates with so much pleasure, amid the toils of business, and the crowds of the world, the moment when he shall be able to pour out his soul, without interruption, into the bosom of his Maker, that I am persuaded, that the degree of desire, or repugnance, which a man feels to the performance of this amiable duty, is an infallible criterion of his acceptance with God. Let the unhappy child of dissipation—let the impure voluptuary boast of the short hours of exquisite enjoyment; even in the degree of bliss, they are infinitely inferior to the delight of which the righteous man participates in his private devotions; while, in their opposite consequences, they lead to a less wide extreme than heaven and hell; a state of positive happiness and a state of positive misery. If there were no other inducement to prayer, than the very gratification it imparts to the soul, it would deserve to be regarded as the most important object of a Christian; for no where else could he purchase so much calmness, so much resignation, and so much of that peace and repose of spirit, in which consists the chief happiness of this otherwise dark and stormy being. But to prayer, besides the inducement of momentary gratification, the very self-love implanted in our bosoms, would lead us to resort, as the chief good; for our Lord hath said, 'Ask, and it shall be given to thee; knock, and it shall be opened;' and not a supplication made in the true spirit of faith and humility, but shall be answered; not a request which is urged with unfeigned submission and lowliness of spirit, but shall be granted, if it be consistent with our happiness, either temporal or eternal. Of this happiness, however, the Lord God must be the only judge.—*Kirk White.*

*ALL ALIKE.* And yet there are opposers among us! men of wealth and respectability; who encourage the use of spirituous liquors, and throw their influence into the scale of intemperance. There is, after all, a numerous class of what are called temperate, moderate drinkers, who love rum, and must have it. They do more hurt than the drunkard. They have influence; he has none. They try to make rum-drinking respectable; he cannot.

But they are all alike, the drunkard and the drinker. They are but different species of the same genus. Temperate, moderate drinkers; temperate, moderate slave dealers; temperate, moderate gamblers; temperate, moderate sinners, all alike. It is the drinking which is wrong. Drunkenness is but a higher degree of the same crime. These temperate, moderate drinkers are training themselves and their children to the higher order of drunkards. They are learning the trade, they are serving the apprenticeship, and they uphold and encourage the drunkard.—*Kittredge.*

*BUT.—I like the temperance cause but*  
 —How often do we hear the remark as far as the *but*, and in how many ways the blank, following the *but*, may be filled?

—*but* they carry the matter too far.

—*but* I don't like the signing a pledge.

—*but* a little bitters I know are necessary for me in the morning.

—*but* I have a peculiar complaint, which makes a little necessary.

—*but* my labor is so hard I could not work without it.

—*but* I don't like this coercion.

—*but* it is all a sectarian affair.

—*but* it is all a scheme of the priests to unite church and state.

—*but* I can keep temperate without joining a temperance society.

—*but* I don't like to hear so much said about it.

—*but* many of the members of the temperance societies drink as much as ever.

—*but* this taking away people's liberty I don't like.

—*but* I have drunk a little every day for forty years.

—*but* it would be presumptuous for those, who are in the habit of drinking to excess, to leave off at once—it would kill them.

—*but* good men, christians and even ministers, drink spirits.

—*but* I have no influence. It will do better for neighbor B... to go forward in this matter.

—*but* the proper time has not come.

—*but* the proper persons have not brought it forward.

These, it should be observed, all profess to be friends of temperance; but their friendship is like the patriotism of our modern politicians—they love their country, but they love the honor and emoluments of office better.

Genius of Temperance.

[A multitude of equally formidable objections are urged against the cause of emancipation.]